Rock Valley College

Voices

LH
1
V6
Fall 2002-
Spring
2003

Fall 2002/Spring 2003

Editor's Note:

We realize there are a few of you whose submissions were not included in this issue. Due to last minute changes in the staff responsible for the creation of this magazine, many of the names that went along with the artwork and the poetry/prose were lost in the switch. If you feel yours was one of the pieces that was overlooked, please feel free to contact the Voices office and leave your name, a number where you can be reached, and a brief description of the work you submitted. We will do everything we can to get it in our next publication. We apologize for any inconvienience this may have caused.

While not everyone's works are included here, we think you will find this issue especially interesting. We have some great artwork, photography, poetry and prose. If you didn't submit your work and would like a chance at being in our next publication, please direct all inquiries to the phone number listed in the box below.

*Thanks for all the great contributions!

-The Voices Staff

*Back cover artwork by Tiffanie Townsend; front inside cover artwork by Craig J Laudicina; back inside cover artwork by Cathleen Stark

Voices accepts for consideration submissions of poetry and fiction, as well as artwork in any form. Send submissions, along with a short biography and a SASE to: **Editors, Voices, Division of Composition and Literature, Rock Valley College, Rockford, IL 61114.** **Voices** assumes no responsibility for unsolicited contributions. **Voices** is published by Rock Valley College. To become an editor, **enroll in JRN 139 - Small Magazine Production**. This 2-credit course is offered every semester. For information, call (815) 921-3322.

Artwork by: Raven Johnson

MORE THAN MORPHED MIND GAMES
By: Devin Henry

My today is very quiet some what calm. There is jazzed out background music which in my opinion is always needed for this necessary mood along with your life's soundtrack., All I get to hear is my pen writing for now my necessary noise is zoned out thanks to my more than willing wandering mind, thanks brain I told my halted self quite sarcastically. It might just be the excess of coffee running through my body that I am thinking my thoughts, of now and before. But like I said no more music now just my pen writing louder and louder so I try telling him to try to be a little quieter but he just keeps writing. Then it becomes apparent the unspoken cliché my head says is false at least in this situation because I own this pen he does not own me, but the words this pens is writing those are his he possess them. My thoughts though these are mine not his. The thing I could wish is that my mind could hold my pen and maybe bend him in such ways that my mind's pen would write down every thought that runs, not literally running obviously, and hand it to my eyes to read. I know it is a wondrous wish but it would save a hell of a lot of time but why should I be in such a hurry to save time because then I would need something to put in the space that I saved, in fact I think I just did oh well life always going to be the big cycle it is. Any ways maybe my perspective is a tad off and everything might already be doing this wish in which I have already placed whatever in the open saved space, whatever screw this cycle I like what I think and possess so why wish for change when your content, "write"?""right"

Nostalgia

Not with the blossom
lodges the thorn
But in my heart
Conjuring lost love
I mourn

The Day

The yellow noise of daybreak
The purple splash of twilight
Complements of Day
Yeild the charcoal hush
Of night

Transition

A crust of white snow
Thin gray shadows
Sterile and cold
Preparing Spring

Wind Proof

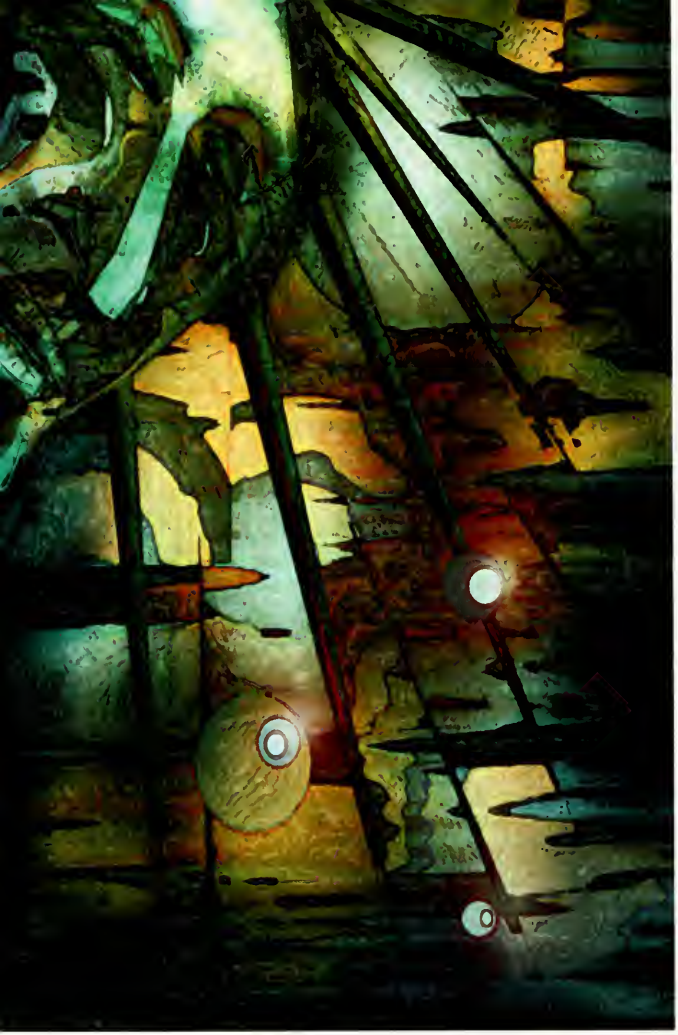
A kite
Tugging against it's leash
Leaves
Capriciously darting and swirling
Such are the metaphors
For Wind

Poems by:
Ken Biddle

Photo by: Elton Trojniar

Artwork by: Caitlin Derrington

Award Winner!



ArtWork by: Jason Huntress
Candlelight by Craig J Laudicina

Dust

By: Sarah Premo

A speck of dust is how I feel.
My life all summed up.
All of what I've done, no one noticed.
All of what I've tried to do, no one knew.
All of what Id like to do, no one cares.
Insignificant little speck.
A speck of no importance.
No one will notice when this speck is gone,
Yet sadly I know they will, and it brings me to tears.
This speck is tired of being small and insignificant.
This speck wants to be noticed,
Yet doesn't know how.
A speck of dust is how I feel,
My life all summed up.

Untitled

By: Darcy Breault

The world is comforted by it's own slumber
While I lie awake with a burden
Much greater than the mislabeled emotional concrete wall
We know as the ego.
The world is asleep in a dream
A dream I have awaken to.
Awake, I am left without words for this glorious creation.
Somehow I began this journey
I became lost as I passed the setting sun.
And as I surrender to my fears
I began to anxiously await my own return.
But somewhere my reflection caught the I
That reflects with programmed pleasure
All the chaos and drama our minds' posses.
In an instant, which spans a lifetime
I experienced the reality of our nightmare and I cried out in this beauty.
Knowing my hands were filled with unconditional love
I arose from the shroud called life to see
Even God inspired by my awareness of the moment.
Now, the darkness of sleepless nights
Shed rays of energy never felt by the sun
And I see that I am the dream.
The burden, merely a gift of life itself
However, it is difficult to balance this truth
Simply because you are still asleep.

Students achieving Oneness will move on to Twoness.
- Woody Allen

Photo by: Devin Heury

By: Raven Johnson

Counted Out

By Jason Huntress

So, Frank was tellin' me
He was tellin' me it was all wrong

But
don't wake up
don't look
don't even try it
They've already got it won, right?

The world ended years ago –
we're just here to watch it fall

Right?

Don't dare stand up.
It's not "stand and be counted"
it's be counted'*against*
'Cause being true's not a *bit*
about being like everyone else.

Or revel in the wrongness
They said
–
"Yeah, we all changed the world
in those days
–
Then we gave up."

And now it's your turn to give up.

Right?

Or, maybe you're not dead yet.
So… like Frank was tellin' me,
It's on you, now.

Lauren Olivia

Photograph By: Craig J Laudicina

May you live to be 100, and the last voice you hear be mine. - Frank Sinatra

Life is like a thing you throw out and then need.

-Brad Hoffman

Melisalyn
by Craig J Laudicina

Painting below by Rachel Bommer

A Fighters Diary

by: C.B Gantz

Everything sad was in that little black book. Truly, its once innocent, once blank pages were now corrupted with everything that ranged from her random discordant scribblings to small depressing caricatures that shed made of herself. It was a miserable outlet, to be sure, but within that beat up, fake vinyl cover there awaited the reader raw, unadulterated emotion oft expressed when there was no other means for Kaiden to do so. In that book was Kaidens dark side, the side she kept closed off from the world, the side that threatened to overtake her.

The book had begun, as noted before, innocently enough. When times were rough, Kaiden found herself using the book as a means to organize her own troubled thoughts and feelings, but she mostly just drew funny little pictures. Yet this process soon became inadequate as her inner turbulence inexplicably reached newer and newer thresholds. Soon, all her pain and confusion would be transferred into little book, that little testament of her turmoil and frustration and *then…well*, to be honest, there never really was an and then. It just seemed like a good idea that eventually got blown all out of proportion.

Kaiden was by no means proud of that scrapbook of personal misery; she had actually grown to hate it, in fact. After all, the book had never really solved anything. Kaidens problems hurt her no less, and her agony felt no less acute because of the book, which was the precise reason that the girl was loudly clattering through her kitchen utensil drawer looking for the sharpest blade she could find.

It was to no real avail, however. Being a vegetarian who lived alone, she had no steak knives and a butter knife, well, literally just wouldn't cut it. Still, Kaiden knew that she had to act quickly before her resolve melted into a useless acquiescent puddle. Fueled by this sense of urgency, Kaiden remembered that she did indeed have an appropriate tool, a small, folding pocketknife that shed received as a gift from her father before he passed on. Kaiden had never even used it, so she was sure it was still sharp enough for her needs.

Then, an odd pang hit her. Was it wrong to use something so sentimental for such a grisly end? It was intended as a gift from her father, his deeply personal and polite way of saying, Although I wanted a son, you're still all right.

What, Kaiden wondered, did it matter as she irritably tore through her underwear drawer, casually casting a colorful assortment of a few cotton panties and several plaid boxers all over her already messy room until she finally found what she sought.

The Swiss Army knife, still in the original red cardboard box peeked shyly back at its intrusive visitor as if it was unsure of her intentions.

It suddenly caught Kaiden off guard how final this act would be. There could be absolutely no going back once the grim task was done. The blade would sever everything, all she was up to this point. In a moment, it would be all over.

But *all the misery would end too* she had to remind herself. Bolstering her resolve with this idea, Kaiden repeated the phrase in her head like a mantra. She pushed her thumb against the little silver cross on the cardboard case and slid the insert back. Then, pinning the tool beneath her iron gaze, Kaiden withdrew it and flipped open the longest, most wicked looking blade in the whole tool. This was *it*. It was almost over, Kaiden remarked to herself as she sat down on the edge of her floor mattress. She carefully placed the small, evil, miserable little black book in her lap and stared at it one last time. She hated that book and its grip on her. More so, she despised the misery therein that she couldn't overcome. One day, others would read the overwhelming sorrows nestled within those vile pages and understand. For now, though, Kaidens time with it was over.

The young woman raised the knife as her white knuckles shook with the sheer emotional strain. She had to be absolutely sure of this. Kaiden had never been so sure of anything in her life, she told herself, as she brought the blade down swiftly, mercilessly.

With a sickening squish, the knife pierced her misery, impaling it cover to cover with three and a half inches of low carbon stainless steel.

Kaiden sighed.

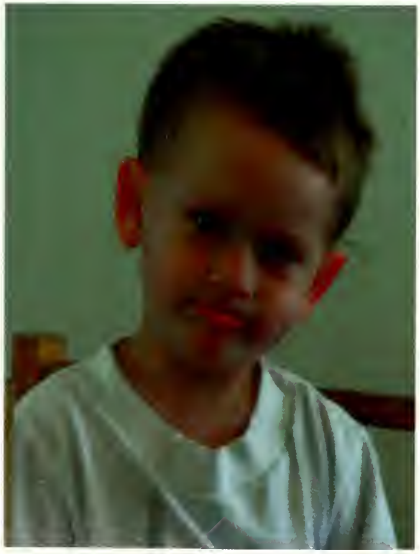
It was done.

A wave of relief washed over her as she casually wriggled her argyle-socked feet into her pre-laced Sambas and strode out of her apartment. Usually, Kaiden hated cliches with a passion, but it really was a beautiful day for a walk.

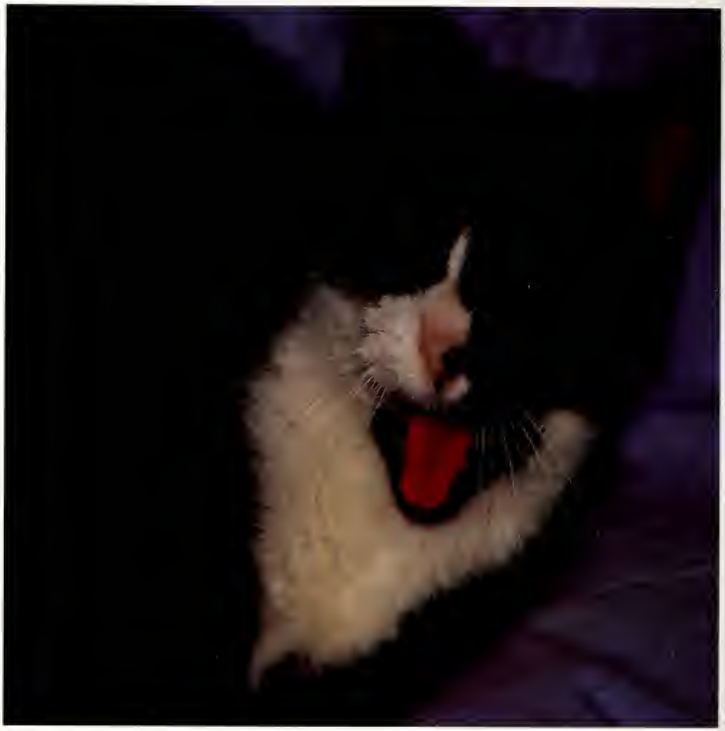
Rennaisance

Though memories leave the trees
With branches thin and bare
And winters snow
coats it's boughs
hiding dreams and cares
Behold! In spring
When bluebirds sing
And budding leaves are shown
That memories lost
are born a new
More vivid
Bright and
Grown.

Craig J Laudicina



Hayden
by: Molly Chesnut

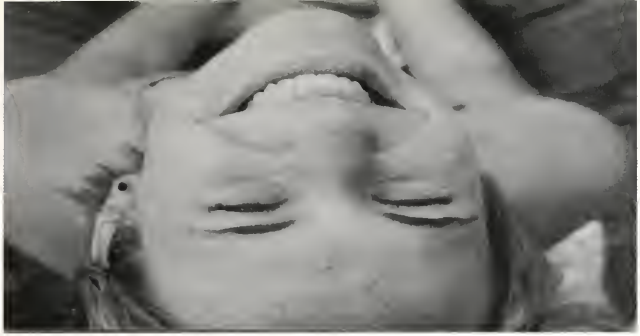


Mr. Kitty's 20th Birthday

by: Craig J Laudicina

Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain an artist once we grow up.

- Pablo Picasso



Photograph by: Beth Shulz

Without Eyes

What do you see?
Without your eyes?

I've seen my soul
Where my beauty lies

I've seen my truth
Rising to the sky

I've witnessed my strength
In the tallest elm

My passions are held
In the rays of the sun

For, they've burnt my own skin
And turned my values golden

What have I seen?
Without my eyes?

I've seen life,
Where life lies.

by: Jamie Hollis

Genocide City Zone

By Darius McCaskey

welcome to the genocide city zone
I'm sure you'll enjoy your stay
we've been killing folks here
all the live long day
if you want to join us
you'll have to pay the price
your soul's the cost, so ante up
c'mon and shoot the dice

welcome to the genocide city zone
everyone's dying to get in
ignore your guilty conscience
though Jesus says it's a sin
if you do not join us
you'll have to pay the price
sacrifice your life tonight
to our deadly new device

welcome to the genocide city zone
check out time is soon
we only stop once a day
to eat our lunch at noon
if you want to join them
we're happy to grant your request
just remember one thing:
we kill with the best

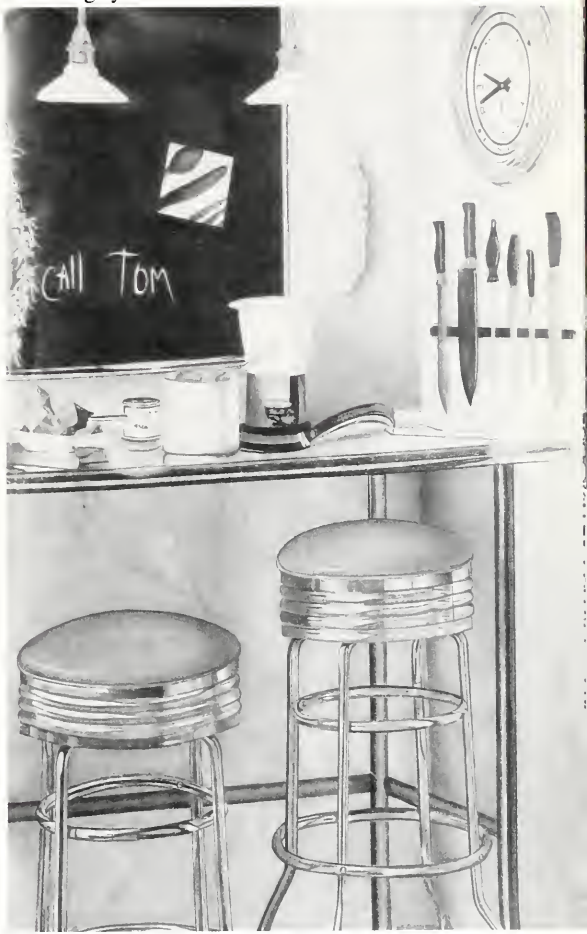
Playtoy
By: Allison Thompson

I need a new playtoy
I think mine is broken
I got it brand-new
I could touch it, kiss it,
caress it, lay in it's arms
And walk away when I
am finished playing.
Sometimes I would play
with it for days on end.
Sometimes not for weeks
And it worked just fine.
Then the other day my playtoy
said it wanted to be more than just friends.
I didn't mean to break it
I don't know how I did it
But I need a new playtoy.

Genuine poetry can communicate before it is understood.
- T.S. Eliot

Photographs by Craig J Laudicina

Drawing by Rachel Bommer



Order

By: Ann Cline

My grandma doesn't bake me cookies and my mother doesn't sew.
My father don't bring home the bacon, but it's all right, ya know?
My stars don't always shine at night and my birds don't always sing.
And sometimes in my deck of cards, there's a queen without her king.
My sun likes to fall straight from the sky with the moon right close behind.
But it's all good.
I have a plan
to get everything back in line.
I'll make my grandma some cookies; a batch oh so divine.
And I'll knit my mom a fuzzy scarf and bring father home a swine,
I'll polish the stars so they can twinkle.
I'll sing my birds a song.
I find the queen's beloved king, so the royal family can live on.
I'll pick up the sun, throw back the moon, and gather all the rays.
Then I'll put them up there good and tight so they never stray.
And when I'm done I'll take a nap, and dreams of cookies, scarfs and swine,
Songs that twinkle, moons that laugh, and kings who always shine.

The aim of art is to represent not the outward appearance of things, but their inward significance.
-Aristotle

"Another Sunday"

By Julie Smith

The heavy wood door slams on the sunshine behind the chubby girl as she enters the bar behind her father. The smoke instantly penetrates her freshly washed blonde hair and burns her blue eyes. There's dark paneling nailed to the wall and it bleeds yellow drops of nicotine. Sunlight only penetrates the darkness through small spaces of glass not covered by the latest beer sign perched high in the windowsill . As she walks with her father to his familiar stool, her feet stick to the beer-stained floor. The blue-eyed girl takes her father's quarters and leaves him at the bar. As the neon jukebox cries out a somber song, she moves to the pinball machine and disappears into the corner.

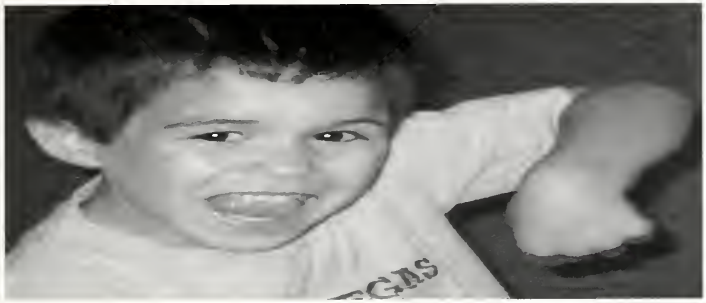
Lilly
by : Craig J Laudicina

Trying desperately to look older than her 13 years, she sucks in her stomach and smacks her glossed lips together as she surveys the scene she knows so well. Her clear, focused eyes meet eyes that are glazed, red and distracted. There are greasy haired men with chains connecting their wallets to their Levis; men proudly displaying their faded Harley Davidson T-shirts under black leather jackets; men holding Marlboro cigarettes between their thumb and index finger, adding stains of nicotine to their dirt-filled nails. Long fingered women with blood red nails and bleached hair line the bar. Their cheap cigarettes hide inside black leather cases with turquoise stones.

She hears drunken laughs from the bar as the men and women begin to slur their words. They talk of their plans and hopes and dreams while their legs grow roots into the stool they balance on. Every Sunday, they declare endless thoughts and ideas that are never realized. They are only words that hang heavy in the smoky air, soon to fall to the floor and be swept up at the end of the night. The words stop only when their lips press against their drinks. They sit, blind to the drunken mistakes they will make and oblivious to their **tomorrow's** filled with searing sharp headaches and regret.

The minutes turn to hours and hours blend together as twilight lurks at the window. The tired girl fills herself with pop and chips as she grows restless. Her father's quarters have been fed to the machines in the bar and her pleas to leave grow with intensity. Finally convincing him, she leads the way out. Her father stumbles his heavy frame behind her. Too eager to flee the bar that her Sunday has been wasted in; she fails to realize her shelter is now 2,000 pounds of steel and metal that her drunk father drives her home in. She doesn't realize it until the car swerves off the road, that she longs for the safety of the dismal bar she just escaped.

Painting, n. : The art of protecting flat surfaces from weather, and exposing them to the critic.
- Ambrose Bierce



Photograph by: Craig J Laudicina

Distortion

By: Ann Cline

Pieces falling
In my way,
Crashing stars
Have blind-sided day
A hornets's sting
Gentle as a kiss.
A simple cloud
Offering bliss.
Self-destructive
Yet europhic mind
In and out
Of concience time.
Bitten nails,
Purple eyes.
Sleepless nights
Awaken beautiful lies
My deepest desire...
My only wish...
Is for a simple sting
Offering bliss.

Photograph by: Elton Trojinar

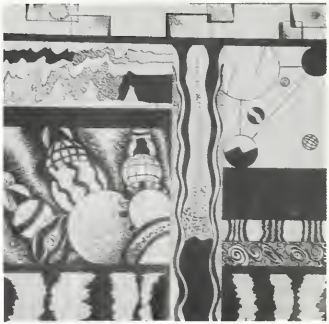
Picture Perfection

By Dena Sherman

you want me perfect
you want me normal
I put eye-shadow
to highlight eyes that are dead
eyeliner to cover sleepless nights
mascara as a shield from tears
blush to color cold, pale cheeks
painted lips for a perfect smile
put on a show
here's your picture
it says a thousand words
but isn't worth the pain it speaks

All you need is love.....

-John Lennon



Artwork by: Andrea Wagner

The Mountain
by Allison Thompson

Free and wild I ran down the road
Hiding all fears I stood tall alone
I ran for years till your road crossed with mine
The warmth of your hand made my eyes shine
Four eyes turned two
Watching our road through blazing eyes of blue
Two hearts turned one
Our soles on the road, our souls on the run
The road would end if we stopped too long
We both were determined, we both were strong
The road went on straight, only a couple of turns
Till one day our road split in two

Clyde by: Craig J Laudicina

Photographs by: Cathleen Stark

There was room on each road for two hearts that believed or room on each road for one heart with a need
You chose your own road and I chose mine
With belief they would cross, it would only take time
Scared on my own I kept to the side
Out in the middle left no place to hide

After some time, I found courage within
Quickened my pace, kept my face to the wind
Saw turns in the road, but continued to fight
Then came my mountain and my heart filled with fright
I reached out my hand and touched the cold stone
I cried out for you and felt so alone
I retraced my steps and crawled back down my road
I gave up the fight, heavy guilt filled my load

To my surprise, your road quickly arrived
So much time had gone by, it couldn't be right you
were still standing there with eyes empty of life
You chose not to choose, it was easier that way
Reliving your past, you passed your days
A glow from your face faintly shone eyes of blue
They were closed to reality with your self doubting glue
I pried open your eyes and showed you the direction
But you just stared at me, said you needed affection
It was too hard to handle, too much risk to take
Once running fast, you slammed on the brakes
You reached out your hand, said don't leave me again
You hated your life and needed a friend
I told you of the mountain that you needed to climb
I promised if you did, on the other side you'd be mine
You clung to my sould and ripped at my heart
You didn't understand you had to make your own start
I kissed your cracked lips, reached under your arms and
gave you a lift .Then turned to my road, blood rushing
from my heart as it ripped Now I'm back to my mountain
with one foot on her back Clinging to the stone and not
looking back I pray that you make it, hope you find the
right road I pray that I see you there and have you to hold

Photograph by Craig J Laudicina

Drawing is the honesty of the art. There is no possibility of cheating. It is either good or bad.
- Salvador Dali

MY OCEAN

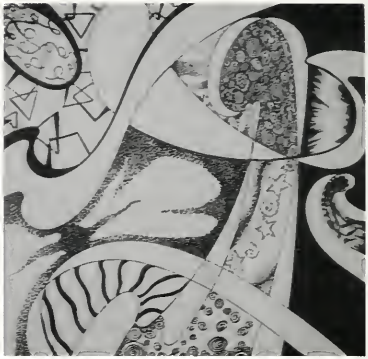
By: Ms Virginia Schmidt

The endless
ceaseless
liquid motion,
The rolling
up and down
over and under,
with light,
and dark,
and foam and fish,
and birds and debris,
the mountainous
waves,
in motion,
forever and ever,
never resting
never stopping,
loud and crashing,
twisting and tumbling,
with a magnitude of sound
not unlike
the cymbals of a marching
band.

And then,
the quiet times,
peaceful
and serene,
calming and soothing,
softly, softly
pouring its treasures
upon
the waiting sand,
gentle,
with effortless motion
on and on,
to kiss the shores,
and caress
its beaches
with tender ripples.

I walk
in solitude
and gather strength
to reach
potential for the next plateau.

Artwork by: Andrea Wagner



A poet can survive everything
but a misprint.
- Oscar Wilde

Beck
By Justin Ofeleia

Untitled

johnneisewander

i can see perfect. snow falling. feathering. december night. darker. you in one of your sweaters. you, angel in yellow streetlight. just my kind of perfect. i keep that image. to rest. i wake up wanting sleep again. where december keeps me warm. where you see me. forget them. forget everyone. i offer my hand and you take it. where its all dark. and snow. and yellow light. you in your sweater. and me really alive.

Untitled
By Ryan Grove

I've got my mind set
on you - this is going to
take a miracle

Untitled

by Craig J Laudicina

Click, click, clackity, clack!
The sound of the keys as the editors hack!
Red ink becomes a thing of the past.....
Computers present new difficulties
expletive deleted
expletive deleted
expletive deleted
expletive deleted
expletive deleted.....
sigh

Artwork by Rachel Bommer

Quiet Is A Five Letter Word

By: Jackie Sundby

After the last guest has been greeted

and shared tears have mingled.

After last eulogies have been pronounced

and hymn refrains hang sweetly in the air.

After the hearse winds its way to the cemetery

and bugle-taps no longer echo.

After the lowering into the black hole

and last shovels of dirt have been deposited.

After the last car has departed

and darkness falls.

Quiet is inside the coffin.

Quiet is a five letter word: Death

When wasted, arthritic bodies are no longer

and an old soul is free of its earthliness.

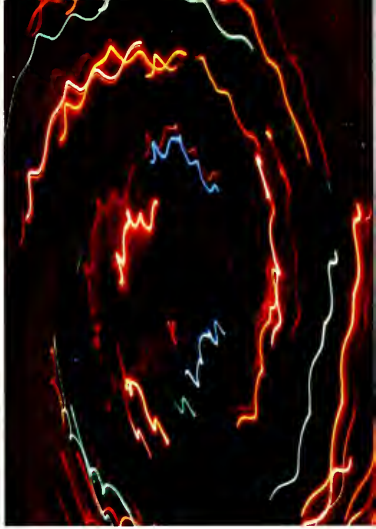
When youngsters with tumors give up the fight

and maimed accident victims succumb.

When the heart stops beating

and the breath is gone.

Quiet is a five letter word: Peace



There's no art to find the minds construction in the face.
- Lady MacBeth Shakespeare

Photographs by:
Craig J Laudicina, &
Jason Huntress.
Artwork by
Tiffanie Townsend

Photograph by Craig J Laudicina

Green Binds

By: Sarah Reed

Cold in the lot,
rusted face clings to grace.
While etching the copper trace I remember.
That I remember,
hangs
Limb through my limb hangs the naked day.
I fight dust,
trace and trace the planned moments of hand.
Hands fill my head
Cold in the lot
Desperation to associate the shoulder beneath head
Copper on my face now rusts to my chest,
weighs the heave,
the sigh,
the ghost of relief.
Drop lost stones each place,
dive blades of grass to inspire,
drive weak sun rays to firm yellow.
Open my mouth to the rise of orange sun,
filled by rust,
let go my relief,
filled by a stride driven, until green wakes.

Drawing by: Rachel Bommer

True art is characterized by an irresistible urge in the creative artist.
- Albert Einstein

Typical Dutch

When you are in Holland
Don't forget your wooden shoes

When you want to relax
Go to a coffee shop

If you are hungry
Buy some cheese

If you want to have sex
Go to the red light district

Do you like sports
Soccer is your game

Do you come in the winter
Bring your skates

And if you are smart
Go to school

Christy-Ann, Tommy, and Jeroen

Untitled

Darkness, darkness all around
I, alone in the darkness
In all this darkness, nothing can be found
I am alone in this mess

Your hands caress my back
I turn around, looking for you
My angel, my love, my damnation?
For you, there is nothing I would not do
I hunger for you, my obsession
My obsession ... No, addiction
Will you ever go away?
My addiction
My damnation

Bas

Untitled

On the horizon,
I see windmills
On the water,
I see ducks
On the land,
I see farmers
On my bread,
I see cheese
I love my country,
I love Holland

Hendri, Leyla, Marly, and Nick

As the poet said, "Only God can make a tree," probably because it's so hard to figure out how to get the bark on.
- Woody Allen

The true work of art is but a shadow of the divine perfection.
- Michelangelo

A work of art is the unique result of a unique temperment.
- Oscar Wilde

The Lamenting of the Beansighe (Banshee)
16th November 2002

by Justin R. Romine

In the darkness of the night
There can be heard a wail
'Tis carried over the trees in flight
Upon the fearful gale

For when you are old and gray
Or even when life is waning
Comes the time; even the day
The Banshee comes a screamin'

She laments for you; it's true
Your spirit is for her taking
Her hair is white in hue
Her carriage comes a shreakin'

Now it's time; your final ride
Has stopped for your taking
At the door; your time you bide
The first step is hard makin'

Once inside; her cries subside
You continue on your journey
You realize; that you've died

From the Howling of the Banshee

I'd rather be an optimist and a fool, than a pessimist and right.
- Unknown

AWARD WINNER!

The Message of This Place
by Sarah Doiel

Everything went wrong,
But the wait won't be long,
Stand up, be strong,
Fight like a man,
Do all that you can,
You should never fail...
Don't be pressured,
Deal with your own issue,
You can't have a problem,
Take the money and rob 'em
Do what it takes to make it to the top,
Walk all over everyone, never stop,
You won't find satisfaction
Until your reaction
Entails misery and discontentment...
Fill your life with entertainment,
Work hard, never get a penny,
Your spouse won't give you any,
Love is little but lust is many,
Save nothing and you spend plenty.
Give yourself away,
Save the blues for another day
When it rains
And you try to explain
Why in the world
Your life left you screwed.
You have nothing left
And everyone's deaf
To other peoples melancholy...
So suck it up and try to get by,
And do all this before you die.

Pookey Sleeping

Photo by Pat Garrison

Eyes shut wide open

by Mellissa Isham

Eyes shut wide open, I transcended from a dream, and woke up crying. Non-suicide death letter sent via dreams. Airmail from heaven to nightmarish scene. A scene of discontentment and torn. Between truth and relate of message, of maybe pretend illusions that will shake the hearts and minds of many. Many who live- and as of right now, die a little. Miles, hours away from comfort and familiarity. Instead they drown themselves in non-rejuvenating atmospheres and what they refer to as non-harsh drugs. In surreal lives where they routinely try to find themselves in the midst of conformity everyday. And after a weekend of parting there last teen years away- they wake in hangovers to the worst truth and reality. They wake to death. A boy once lost now found, by god maybe. In Page Park, with syringe in pocket and nature bedside, he walked to lay his head down for life, and watched the sun rise as he last fell. Maybe he found beauty in his last attempt to avoid the everyday from loved ones advice to get a clue and straighten up. Maybe, in his death came doubt. By all who once believed in life, in hope, in god, in beauty, in rebirth, in music, in him. Because he faded to lack of self-awareness lack of availability-to advice. To truly hear the "please stop". And I can't help but cry for the many who woke to disbelief and shock. Because they loved him, they loved his music, some his lips in years of memories, all his art. Dead, but so much more can be said, but words become blurry through visions of autumn grounds and a boy, laying naked in his own skin on his own truth for all to see and for all to grieve, curled in a ball, thin and hopeless, beauty and maybe now some sigh of relief. To those who forgot how to sleep at night because he decided to throw his life away, and it'd be nice for many to think that excuses could be made for this mid-western tragedy. But I fear only anger and non-enlightenment will arise from the loss of 'this life. Romantic rock star lives that breathe only surreal, invisible, non-realities…lead to death. I lay bedside to beauty that I sometimes truly forget to appreciate, and my entire soul is saddened because many once laid bedside to beauty that slowly killed himself, and I wonder what there lives will hold now. What their sleep will be like, what visions and memories will feel like, and how many people will now put down the essence of cop out chemicals- drugs. Because a life was taken- and then I weep because I fear that this may only enhance many in their nearly overnight overdosing, because they forgot years back how to deal with life, and now they have less reason to live. I refuse to become jaded, and cross my fingers that all whom were affected accept the same hope, after the years it will take to make this into an overcome obstacle.

Never Forever Again

by: Ann Cline

I know that nothingness is inevitable
When you say you're leaving
Into the sunset of my tomorrow.
I pray you hold me once more.
Tell me it's all fine.
Make this go away.
But you've lied straight to my marrow
And you've made me a believer
Of what you believed.
Goodbyes are forever
And you've made this
A day to remember.
A day that Angels will cry
Because their wings are torn,
Their halos lost,
And their eyes shed decaying starlight
Into that which once was forever.
But now will never be again.

Artwork by
Anousone
Panyanouvong

Psalm

by: David Ballard

When I'm lost
And all I feel is dark
You open up the sky
Pour light into my heart

Though sorrow is my burden for tonight
Joy will come
With the morning sun

I know it's true
Though I feel so far from you
But you say come
We'll walk in the sand
I'll show you what I am

Though sorrow is my burden for tonight
Joy will come
With the morning sun.

Photos by: Craig J Laudicina, & Jason Hunt-ress

Stranger

by Sarah Doiel

I was a stranger in a land not my own
Where they spoke a language I have never known.
Their rituals I have never understood clearly,
Or why they drove out others yearly.

In their voices I had heard
What seemed to be another world.
Sometimes I would lie awake at night
Pondering if to stay was right.
Then one day I would set my mind
To a place I knew I should find.

Forever Dream

by Ann Cline

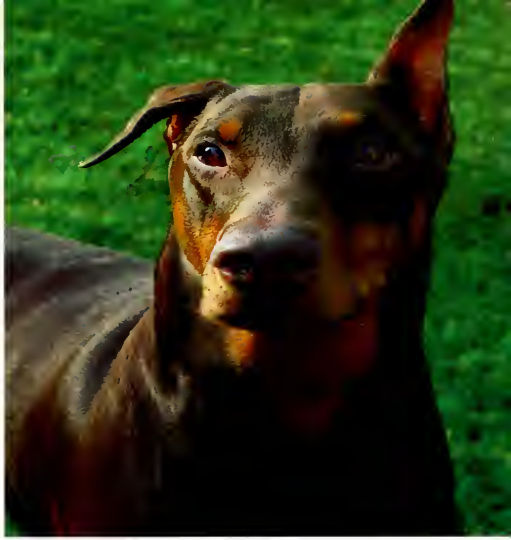
Why does love slip away?
Made by night, leaves by day?
In one moment, passed by time
All your love is no longer mine.
First we kiss and then we part,
But that mere kiss contained my heart.
For at that moment I do stand
And hold your soul within my hand.
It slips so softly, so it seems.
Deep in love; Forever dreams.
I'll make of you that which is mine
And love a love so dream divine.
But then the morn will come shine through
To make mere memory of my darling you.
So while I weep and kiss you sweet
I pray again that we shall meet.
For I find love, so it seems.
Only in forever dreams.

Photographs by: Craig J Laudicina

Coping

Pools of sorrow collect in the valleys of our regret
Looking to her life, as she's dying, with a smile
Wishing I was far from here
Anyplace I haven't been to yet
Mumbles from a silly mouth
That sprouts from a confined soul
I wander around circling
But there's nowhere left to go
Every word I want to say has been spoken
And every feeling that captivates me keeps my words prisoner as well
Looking into the eyes of death makes life so much more clear
The melancholy cries slowly disappear
There's no explanation
No equation
No escape
There's just here
There's just now
And thats how I'm going to leave it
So close the door now
Soft and sweet
Leave me here now
Until again we meet

Photograph by Molly Chesnut



From The Otherside Dreams

By Ayo Paige Carter

I choose to say and hear.
I had many dreams.
I think I am good enough for sake's
of life.
The most magnificent love of it all
in courage of in trust.
Such bountiful glories.
Still sick from the fire.
Life between two worlds.
Frantic desires can masquerade.
Judges Requitted even more so.
Just no characters, just no plot.
Not much to say, I am feeling sad.
I have fallen.

Perspective Change

Shades down
Infinite beauty exists.
Autumn aromas fill this spiritual void-
That I once longed for anything, even cheapness, So that relevancy would replace.
I sit in the middle of season change,
As leaves fall-or dances rather -one by one-slowly
As if their souls were breathing in every aspect of life.
That occupied the air they whispered through.

Drawing by: Rachel Bonner

I possess a little fear while reminiscing-
As I almost became so slightly jaded over the course
Of my bumpy life.
But, I didn't want to miss the seasons…
The autumn leaves-
Cozy atmospheres, love, pumpkins, mash potatoes
Chili and 'sugar coated mamas' apple pie-
Childhood memories of sitting by the furnace on Benton-
Pretending homelike qualities occupied the chaotic living
Space I called house.
So now I breathe in this simplistic nature, beauty of a land.
Lying on my back-
Eyes open-
I stop dreaming of what I wish life could be, Because at this moment I feel complete.
The air is still-
The sky a canvas…
Beauty told me so yesterday
After we made love with our lips, our eyes and we to exchanged souls-
Under this very life I fulfill a dream.
Once selfish-
I wish everyone in the universe this very moment-
Because unlike the cooperate, typical, secure life-
This is what matters-
This is life changing-
This is pure energy-
This is honesty-
I could dance as the winds and mid-October
Make me feel beautiful-
And pretty- that I don't mind.

The Holy Order of Ralph

by: Richard Pulfer

Things To Do

Get up in the morning.
Get breakfast.
Get dressed.
Get life back together.
Get flaming sword.

Read paper.
Read Psalms.
Read Proverbs.
Read Revelations.
Read Far Side Strips.

Wash dirt off hands.
Wash oil off face.
Wash dandruff off hair.
Wash spots off car.
Wash scales off wings.

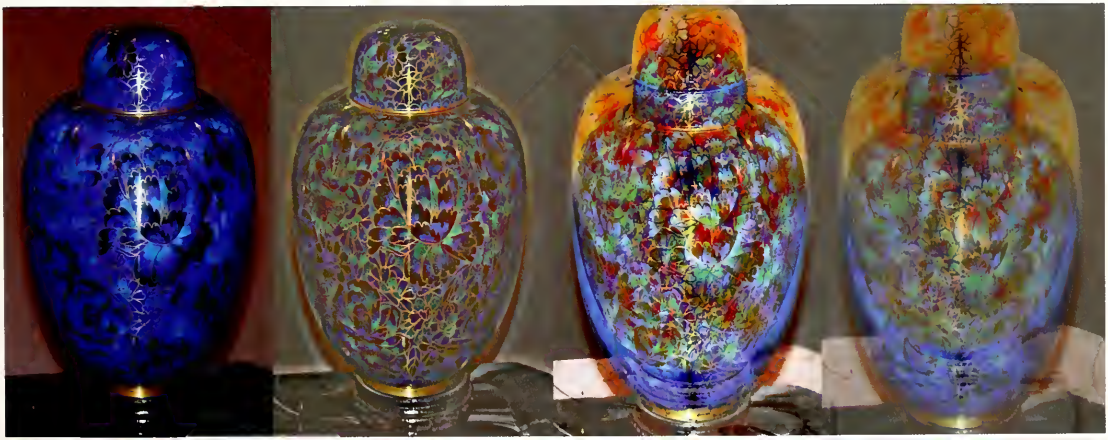
Smite the urge to eat.
Smite the sloth to slack.
Smite the spur to spar.
Smite the lust to love.
Smite the devil again.

Consult Cain for anger management issues.
Consult Beezlebub for anti-virus software.
Consult Helcate for stock tips.
Consult Bable for network infrasture.
Consult Lucifer for free advice.

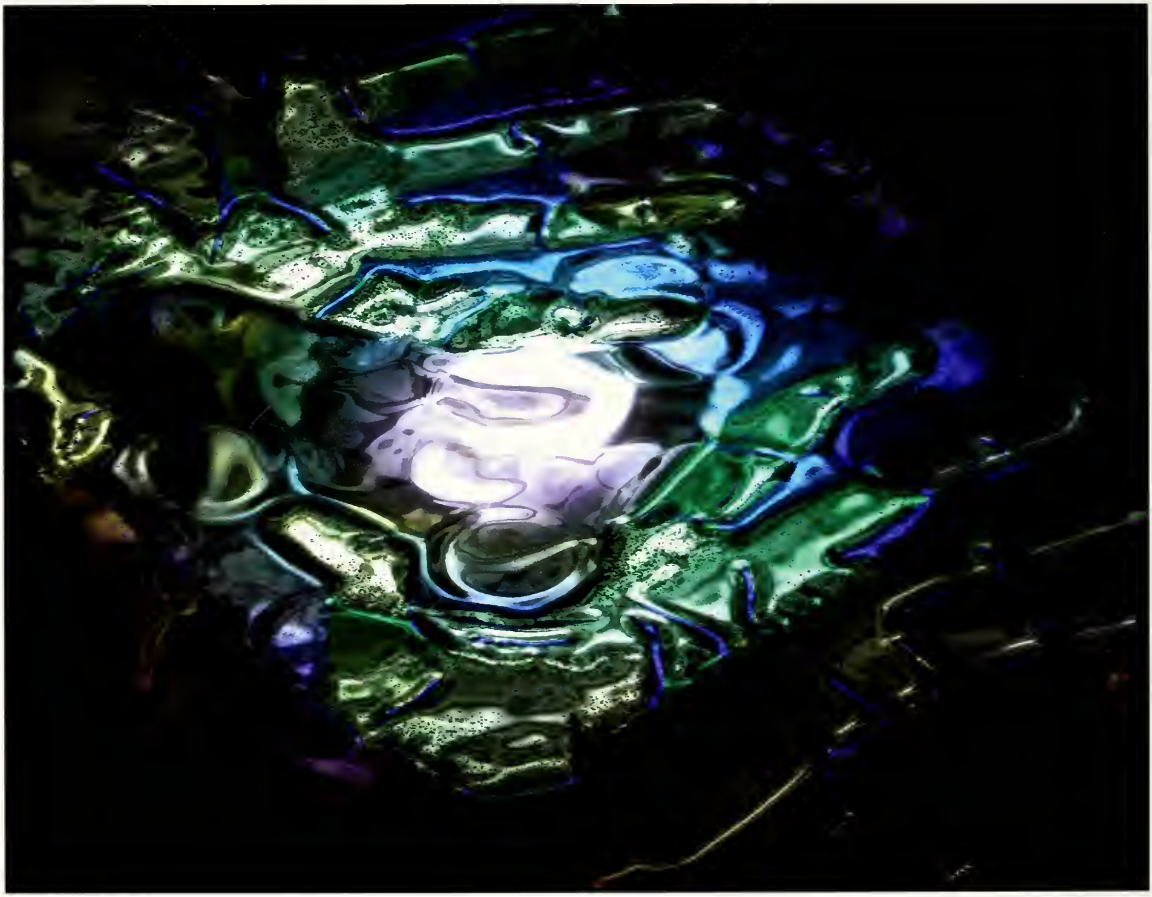
Call Billy for insurance policy.
Call Bob for accounting stats.
Call Dante for website info.
Call Virgil for directions.
Call Promethus for pain killers.

Extinguish flaming sword.
Tear off today's Far Side Comic.
Sign out, check out, log out, punch out...
Fall from grace
Repeat steps 1-49. Rinse and lather.

Photographs by Craig J Laudicina



Artwork by: Jason "I got your back" Huntress



Voices Editors: Molly Chesnut, Kelsey Barrick, Jason Berger, James Dewitt, Sarah Doiel, Morgan Ekern, Sheila Fields, Hayley Grindle, Ryan Grove, Jamie Hollis, Mellissa Isham, Lorraine O'Beirne, Molly Pierce, Richard Pulfer, Diana Ramirez, Sarah Reed, Elicia Ross ,Allison Tompson, and Bryan West, with Jason Huntress, and with ***much*** thanks to Craig Laudicina.
Apologies if there's anyone we failed to mention.
Thanks to you all.

ROCK VALLEY COLLEGE - ERC
3 9696 10028432 2

Did you miss the

Voices

congratulates

Caitlin Derrington

&

Sarah Doiel

winner of
this issue's

$100 Grand Prizes for Outstanding Contributions!

ROCK VALLEY COLLEGE

DEMCO